

[illegible]

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# 24p

## EARTH MONEY

**IN ORBIT  
EVERY  
MONDAY**

# MY HERO!

# NERVE CENTRE

## BORAG THUNGG, EARTHLETS,

This thrill-power-packed prog presents the final episode of my gruelling ordeal, "The Tomb Of Terror", in which a breathless world will find out if YOU are really warped! Those few, those noble few, who manage to crawl the last painful metres to glory, will receive their scrotnig reward on this prog's back cover. As for those Terrans who have fallen by the wayside, don't waste time worrying about it - violent death is simply an occupational hazard in the bloodthirsty barbarian business! Of course, being Tharg the Generous, I have decided to make it possible for *all* Squaxx dek Thargo to be winners - see next week's *Slaine* competition for details of how to win the page of original artwork of your choice from the entire "Tomb" series. The week after that, I shall be programming a questionnaire to test your reactions to the adventure - and to give you a chance to boast about your heroic deeds! SPLUNDIG VUR THRIGG!



## BETELGEUSIAN BESTSELLER



Drawn by Earthlet Gary Bell, Hartlepool. £10 Winner.

## THE COMIC STRIP PRESENTS

Dear Mighty One,

I enjoy your comic very much, I think it's really mega-exciting. Please could you tell me whether you have given away free gifts in the past, and if there are any planned for the future? From Earthlet Roy Rungay, Worksop. £5 Winner.

I shall indeed consider dishing out presents to the Squaxx dek Thargo in the future, but on one condition: that my next free gift be just as zarjaz as its predecessors, such as the *Judge Dredd* badge (Prog 178), and the full-colour *Judge Dredd* poster (Prog 335). All suggestions should be sent to the Command Module in an envelope marked "Gimme Gimme Gimme".

## ANON POEM

Dear Tharg,

I hope you like this zarjaz poem, which I have written about your mega-star comic:- That brilliant comic called 2000 AD is fantastic - but not to be used as a frisbee. It's so good, it's even sold oversea, Although it comes from a tree, Which is no guarantee Of how good it can be.

From Anon Earthlet, Peterborough. £5 (hence the name 'Tharg the Generous') Winner. What a shame you didn't sign this masterpiece! I am sure all the Terrans who know you would have wanted to tell you what they think of it!

## DOESN'T EVERYBODY?

Borag Thungg, O Mighty One,

You are - of course - aware that Slough Feg from *Slaine* bears a remarkable resemblance to 'The Initiating Sorcerer', a cave painting from the French Pyrenees (Arriège), the original height of which was 2½ feet, and which was drawn by Abbé Henri Breuil; the cave being part of 'Les Trois Frères', as can be seen in 'The Way Of The Animal Powers', by Joseph Campbell? From Earthlet Android, Barnet. £5 Winner.

Of course.

## URANUS : FREE THRILLS

Dear Tharg,

I have a friend who is planning to go to Uranus for a few months for a change of scenery. However, when he looked at his prog front covers, to find out how many groats 2000 AD would cost him out there, he could find no trace of any Uranus pricel Does this mean your cosmic comic isn't sold on Uranus?

From Earthlet Steven Whitehouse, Burton Green. £5 Winner.

That is correct. 2000 AD is given away free on Uranus - a gesture subsidised by all other major planets in this solar system, your own included - in an effort to revive their flagging free market economy (but keep it to yourself, we don't want everybody going there).

## VOTE HERE!

Each week Tharg displays your drawings and letters on his Nerve Centre. There are big cash prizes for every entry published, so write to him now! The address is: THARG'S NERVE CENTRE, COMMAND MODULE 2018, KING'S REACH TOWER, STAMFORD STREET, LONDON SE1 9LS.

List your three favourite stories IN THIS PROG on the coupon and enclose it with your entry.

- 1.....
- 2.....
- 3.....

I Dislike:.....

My Age Is..... 461



# The Ballad Of HALO JONES

## 10: The Crush

WARZONE ONE, MOAB.  
CURRICULUM OF DUTY,  
WEEK ONE: TUNNEL  
COMBAT (BASIC).

OKAY,  
WOMEN... THESE  
PASSAGeways  
ARE NEUTRAL  
TERRITORY, BUT  
THEY'RE SHIELDED,  
SO WE DON'T  
NEED GRAVITY  
SUITS.

USING ELECTROMAPS,  
DOUBLE UP AND SEARCH  
THE TUNNELS FOR FREE  
MOABITE ARMY TERROR-  
ISTS. WE'LL RENDEZVOUS  
AT THE NEXT  
INTERSECTION.

JUKES, I'M GONNA  
DOUBLE UP WITH YOU!  
YOU'RE MY LUCKY  
MASCOT!

TH-TH-  
THAT'S  
NICE...

ME AN' JONES'LL  
TAKE THE SOUTH-  
WEST PASSAGES.  
OKAY, JONES?

LIH,  
SURE...

HOPIN' FOR  
SOME ACTION, JONES?  
MAYBE WE RUN INTO  
SOME F.M.A. TERROR-  
ISTS, HUH? WONDER  
WHAT KIND OF EARS  
THEY GOT.

SEE, I UNDERSTAND  
YOU, JONES. YOU NEEDED  
ACTION, LIKE ME, SO  
YOU RE-ENLISTED.

CIVILIAN LIFE  
AIN'T FOR US NO  
MORE. WE CAN'T TAKE  
ALL THE INACTION.  
ALL THE SILENCE.  
WE...

# BADDAM!

WHAT..?

SARGE, I'M  
SORRY. I MET  
JUKES SUDDENLY  
IN THE TUNNELS.  
THOUGHT SHE WAS  
A TERRORIST  
AND SHOT HER.

ONLY  
IN THE FOOT,  
FORTUNATELY.  
WE'LL RETURN  
TO BARRACKS  
EARLY FOR  
MEDICATION.

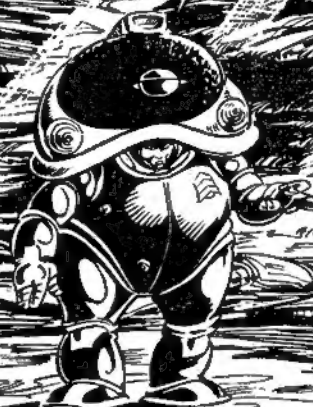
BOY!  
WHAT A  
STROKE  
OF  
LUCK!

2000AD  
Credit Card:  
SCRIPT: ROBERT  
ALAN MOORE  
ART: ROBERT  
JAH GIBSON  
LETTERS: ROBERT  
STARKINGS  
COMPU-73e

WEEK TWO: TUNNEL  
COMBAT (ADVANCED).

ALL RIGHT...  
THIS NEXT STRETCH  
OF TUNNEL HAS SOME  
BROKEN G-SHIELDS,  
SO WE NEED  
SUITS.

WHAT DO  
WE ALWAYS  
DO WHEN  
WE WEAR  
OUR  
G-SUITS?



WE ALWAYS  
CHECK THE SPIGOT,  
SARGE.

THAT'S  
RIGHT.

OKAY,  
NOW LET'S  
MOVE.



I SAID  
LET'S  
MOVE!

WE'RE  
T-T-  
TRYING!

ZNNGH

NOW, IN  
THIS SECTION  
THERE'S NOTHING  
BETWEEN US  
AND MOAB'S NAKED  
GRAVITY.

NOTICE  
THE LARGE  
STAIN ON THE  
GROUND HERE.  
THIS WAS ONCE  
A SOLDIER,  
EITHER OURS  
OR THEIRS,  
WHOSE SUIT  
FAILED.



YURRGH.

SARGE, I FEEL  
SORT OF FUNNY.  
EVERYTHING SEEMS  
WEIRD AND SLOW  
AND UNREAL.

THAT'S THE  
TIME DILATION  
EFFECT. YOU'LL  
ADJUST TO IT,  
GIVEN ENOUGH  
OF THESE  
TRAINING  
EXERCISES.

AND AS  
FOR THIS  
PLACE  
BEING  
WEIRD...



JUST  
YOU WAIT  
TILL YOU'VE  
BEEN IN  
THE CRUSH.

JUST YOU  
WAIT.





WEEK THREE: EXTERNAL  
RECONNAISSANCE (BASIC).

WELL, AS  
YOU SEE, EVERY-  
THING'S PRETTY  
FLAT UP  
HERE.

THIS HOLE IN  
THE GROUND OVER  
HERE IS THE CRATER  
LEFT WHEN OUR MESS  
COMPLEX IMPOLOD  
LAST MONTH.

SLAPPY, A  
HOLE IN THE  
GROUND. WHEN  
ARE WE GOING  
TO SEE OUR FIRST  
TERRORISTS?  
THIS PLACE IS  
BORING.

OH, I D-DON'T  
KNOW... SOME  
M-MOABITES  
EXPLAINED THEIR  
RUH RELIGION  
TO ME. IT'S V-VERY  
INTERESTING...

APPARENTLY,  
THERE'S THIS G-G-  
GOD, AND WHEN YOU  
DIE, IF YOU'RE GUM  
GOOD, YOU F-FLOAT  
UP TO HIS REST  
RESORT IN THE  
SKY.

IF YOU'RE  
S-S-BAD, YOU  
SINK D-DOWN  
TO A T-TERRIBLE  
PLACE UNDER  
THE GROUND.

HMM.

WELL...  
SUNK...  
THAT'S A  
NICE  
IDEA...

... BUT I  
CAN THINK  
OF BETTER  
PLACES TO  
TRY IT  
OUT.

**WEEK FOUR: HEAVY GRAVITY ZONE ORIENTATION.**

THERE ARE MORE THAN TWO DOZEN FLUKE HEAVY-GRAVITY ZONES ON MOAB, AND THE ONE NEAREST HERE IS THE WORST...

WE CALL IT THE CRUSH.



EINSTEIN PROVED THAT IN MANY WAYS, TIME IS A PRODUCT OF GRAVITY, AND IS AFFECTED BY IT.

YOU'VE SEEN HOW THE SUPER-GRAVITY HERE CRUSHES BUILDINGS AND PEOPLE...

WELL, IT CRUSHES TIME, TOO.



IS THAT WHY IT FEELS SO STRANGE IN THE UN-SHIELDED AREAS?

MY CHRONO-METER AIN'T WORKED RIGHT SINCE WE GOT HERE.



BOTH THESE PHENOMENA ARE LINKED TO THE CRUSH EFFECT, BUT ONLY IN ITS Milder FORMS.

Milder FORMS? YOU MEAN THERE'S WORSE?

IN THE CRUSH, TIME FRACTURES COMPLETELY... WHICH IS WHY THE NATIVE MOAB-ITE TERRORISTS CHOSE TO MAKE THEIR STAND THERE.

S'NO GOOD, I STILL CAN'T IMAGINE IT.



WELL, PERHAPS IT WOULD HELP IF I EXPLAINED THAT THIS STILL HOLO-SHOT BEHIND ME ISN'T A STILL AT ALL.

IT'S A MOVING HOLO-REEL OF SOLDIERS FIGHTING INSIDE THE CRUSH, AS SEEN FROM OUTSIDE.



AND IF YOU STILL CAN'T IMAGINE IT, DON'T WORRY. YOU WON'T HAVE TO.

NEXT WEEK, WE'RE GOING IN FOR REAL.





WEEK FIVE: EXTERNAL  
COMBAT (ADVANCED:  
THE CRUSH).

ONE MINUTE  
TO GO AND  
COUNTING. IS  
EVERYBODY  
READY?

JUKES,  
HAVE YOU  
CHECKED  
YOUR  
SPIGOT?

OH! N-NO,  
I FUH FORGOT.  
I'LL DO IT  
NOW.

WELL, HURRY!  
THE SHIELD DOORS  
INTO THE CRUSH  
ARE ABOUT TO  
OPEN.

FORM A  
LINE AND GET  
READY TO MOVE,  
YOU WOMEN.

WORRIED,  
JONES?

NAH. AFTER ALL  
THIS SITTING AROUND,  
GETTING SOME ACTION  
WILL BE A RELIEF. I  
CAN HARDLY RE-  
MEMBER WHAT  
FIGHTING'S  
LIKE!

DOORS  
OPENING  
NOW! GO!  
GO! GO!

OH.  
OH YEAH.  
NOW I  
REMEMBER.

NEXT  
PROG: SLOW DEATH

UP FROM THE DEPTHS OF HIS  
TOMB, THE MAD GOD  
GRIMMISMAL WALKED...

UUGGIKKK!!

# Slaine



MY GULEDIG,  
WE MUST GET AWAY!  
THE STAR-BEING'S  
DIMENSIONS ARE  
ALTERING... RELEASING  
VAST ENERGY!

FIND  
THE HUMANS  
RESPONSIBLE...!  
SLAINE, HIS DWARF,  
MYRODIN, THE SOW  
WITH THE SPECKLED  
FACE, AND THE  
OTHER ANIMAL  
WHO PREENS  
HIMSELF...

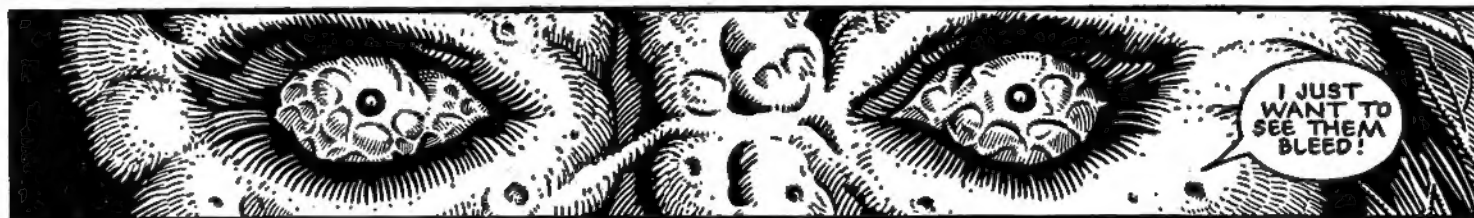


GUARDS ARE  
SEARCHING FOR  
THEM NOW,  
GULEDIG.

WHEN THEY'RE  
FOUND, FORGET  
MY USUAL POLICY  
OF BREED,  
FEED AND  
BLEED...



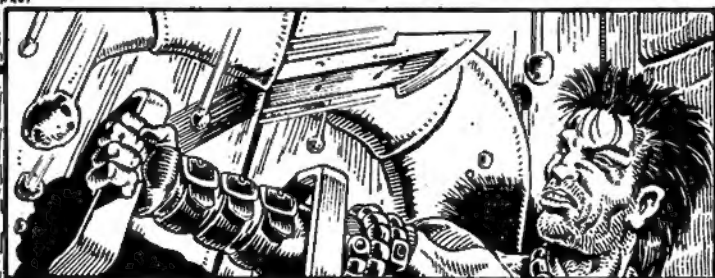
SCRIPT:  
PAT HALLS  
ART:  
DAVID PUGH  
LETTERING:  
STEVE POTTER



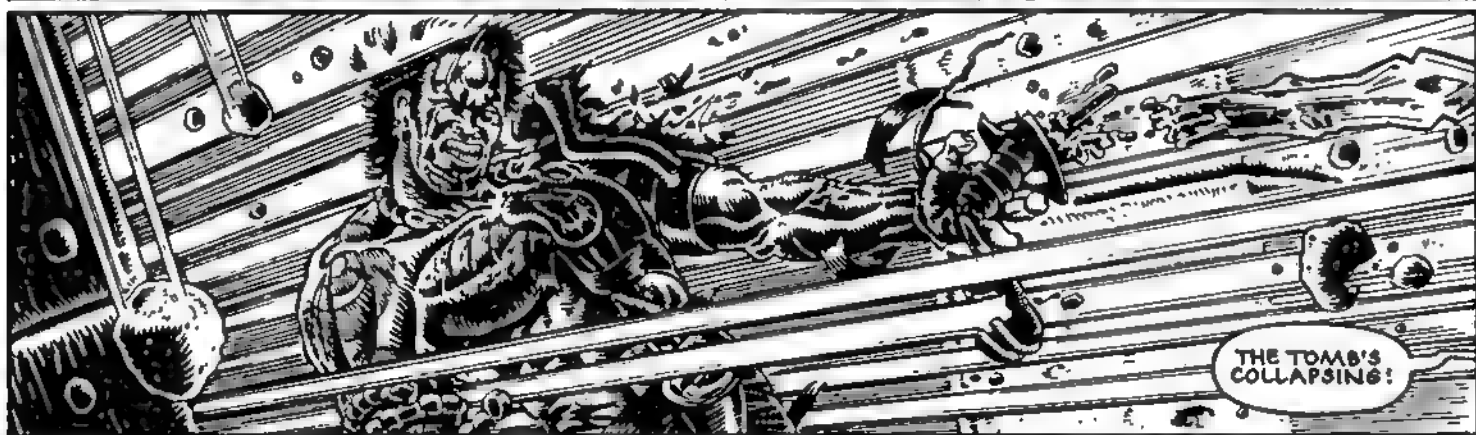
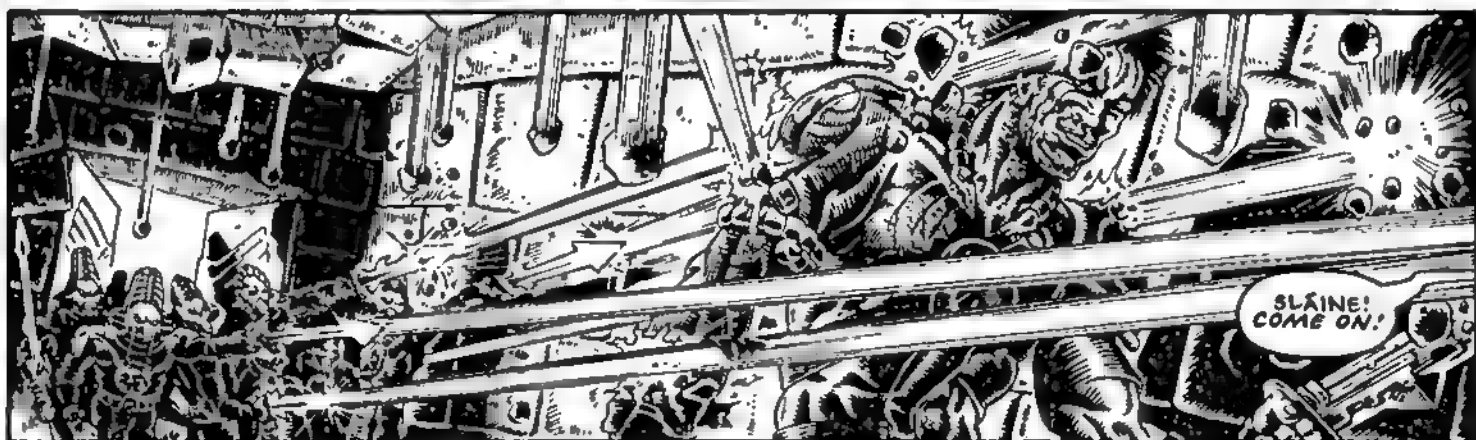
I JUST  
WANT TO  
SEE THEM  
BLEED!









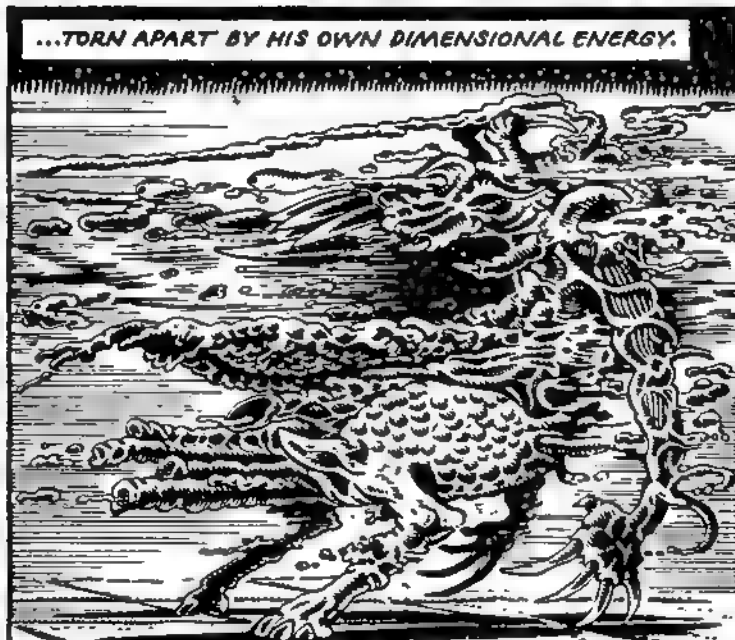




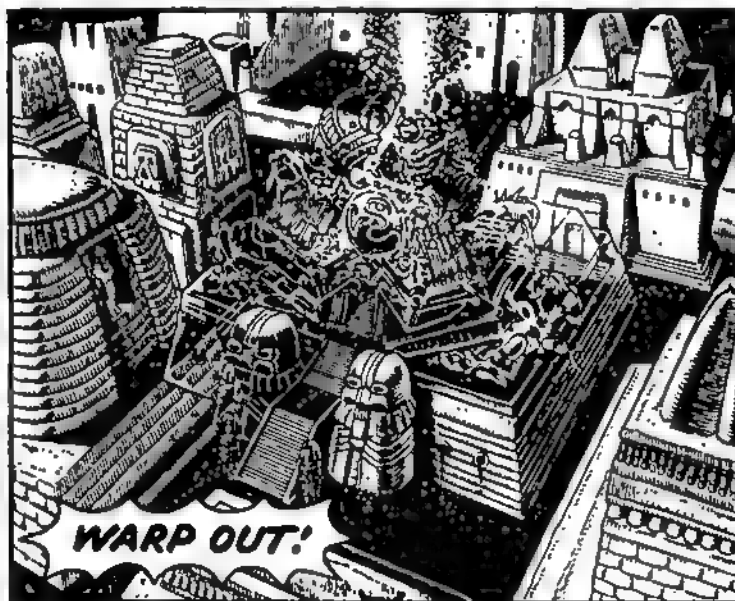
IN THE TOMB, THE STAR-CREATURE  
WAS IN THE THROES OF A  
MASSIVE WARP-SPASM...



...TORN APART BY HIS OWN DIMENSIONAL ENERGY.

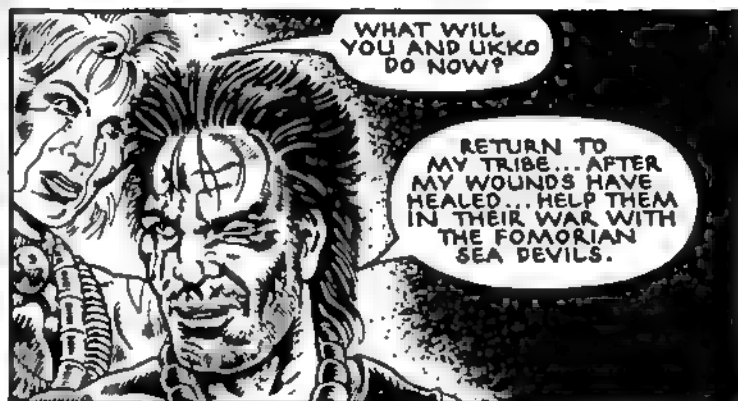


UNTIL HE REACHED THE CRITICAL POINT OF...



WARP OUT!





# THE DARK GOD PART 15

Game: Pat Mills. Art: Garry Leach and Una Fricker.

## LAST WEEK

YOUR WARP RATING: \_\_\_\_\_

TREASURE: \_\_\_\_\_

OBJECTS FOUND:  
(From Part 14) \_\_\_\_\_

## If YOU decided to go...

**A) North...** You proceed cautiously along the dark, dripping passageway until you reach a heavy, iron-bound door. If, in Part 14, you rolled a 4 – the key – signifying good fortune and doors opening for you, it will be unlocked. You open it and continue your journey until you reach a ladder. You climb up it and find yourself on the ground level of the tomb. Go to **THIS WEEK**.

Otherwise, it's locked. Ukko tries picking it but it's beyond his skills. If you still have the bottle full of acid, you pour it into the lock. It eats away the mechanism and you continue as described above. Go to **THIS WEEK**.

Alternatively, you will have to break the door down. This requires a tremendous amount of energy and – between you – costs 14 Warp Points. Deduct from your warp rating (unless you don't have that many points – in which case you collapse and die!). You then continue as described above. Go to **THIS WEEK**.

**B) West...** You walk along a narrow tunnel until you reach a sinister cave. You hear gnawing sounds coming from a corner. As your torch illuminates the scene, you see a Wandering Monster there in the middle of eating your old friend Calgacus.

You realise the monster must have found his body and dragged it down here to devour in peace. However, it only eats carrion when it can't get the real thing – it prefers *live* flesh. It sees you and starts slavering, then attacks. You must fight it to the death.

**Refer to Part Eight** to discover which monster it is, following the rules there (except the magic penalties which no longer apply). If you have killed two of a particular monster already, roll for choice again.

Afterwards, if you're still alive, you retrace your footsteps and go North. Go to **A)** above.

**C) South...** You head South and then East for some time before you realise you're going in the wrong direction. As you turn back, Cythron guards rush towards you from another exit.

You realise you will all die unless someone sacrifices himself and stays behind to delay them – blocking the narrow corridor with his body. But who? Myrddin is not a fighter and refuses to work any more magic, and Ukko is useless.

You decide to quickly draw straws. Whoever picks the short straw will stay behind.



Which one will you choose...the left, middle or right straw? Pick your straw, then draw one each for Murdach and Nest. See the back cover of this prog for the answer – **after** you've done it!

If you picked the short straw, Ukko and the others shake you by the hand and sorrowfully continue their journey without you. You turn to face the Cythrons... the Dark God's tomb will become yours as well, but you'll take plenty of the demons with you.

If Murdach or Nest picked the short straw, you leave him (or her) behind with a heavy heart. (Deduct 8 for Murdach or 7 for Nest from your warp rating.)

Ukko tries to cheer you up by commenting it was about time he (or she) made themselves useful. You give him a clout as you travel North. Go to **A)**.

## THIS WEEK

Grimnismal warps out – add his rating (500) to your own for experience. You then escape the world of the Cythrons – see the story.

If you have **SCROLL TWO** with you, Ukko takes a look at it and realises it's just a diagram of Cythron plumbing – completely useless! You're furious that you fought the spider for nothing. Ukko laughs his head off at the expression on your face. You thrust the scroll up his nose.

You return to the Eternal Fortress high in Snowdonia. There, the grateful Grand College of Druids present you with a scroll for services rendered (see Back Page). While your wounds heal you pass the time helping Ukko spend the treasure. But, all too soon, new dangers await you in "Dragoncorpse"... See **2000 AD's DICKMAN**, Issue 2, on sale April 5!







# THE MAP

## KEY

ONE SQUARE = 10' x 10' APPROX.

DOORS =  OR 

STAIRS = 

1. LOROT LARDER.

2. LOROT GUARD ROOM.

3. CORRIDOR FROM SIDE ENTRANCE.

4. TEMPLE.

5. CORRIDOR.

6. SECRET ROOM.

7. ROOM CONTAINING WANDERING  
MONSTER CAGES.

8. PROCESSIONAL AVENUE

(STATUES NOT SHOWN).

9. STAIRS LEADING UPWARDS.

10. CONTROL ROOM.

10A. TRAPDOOR LEADING TO PIPE  
EXIT IN ROOM 13.

11. STOMACH ROOM.

12. STAIRS LEADING DOWN TO  
SECOND LEVEL.

13. WASH ROOM.

13A. CUBICLES.

14. HIGH PRIESTS' DREAMING ROOM.

15. BOOK ROOM.

16. MAIN CORRIDOR.

17. LAIR OF NIDHUG.

17A. FIREPLACE.

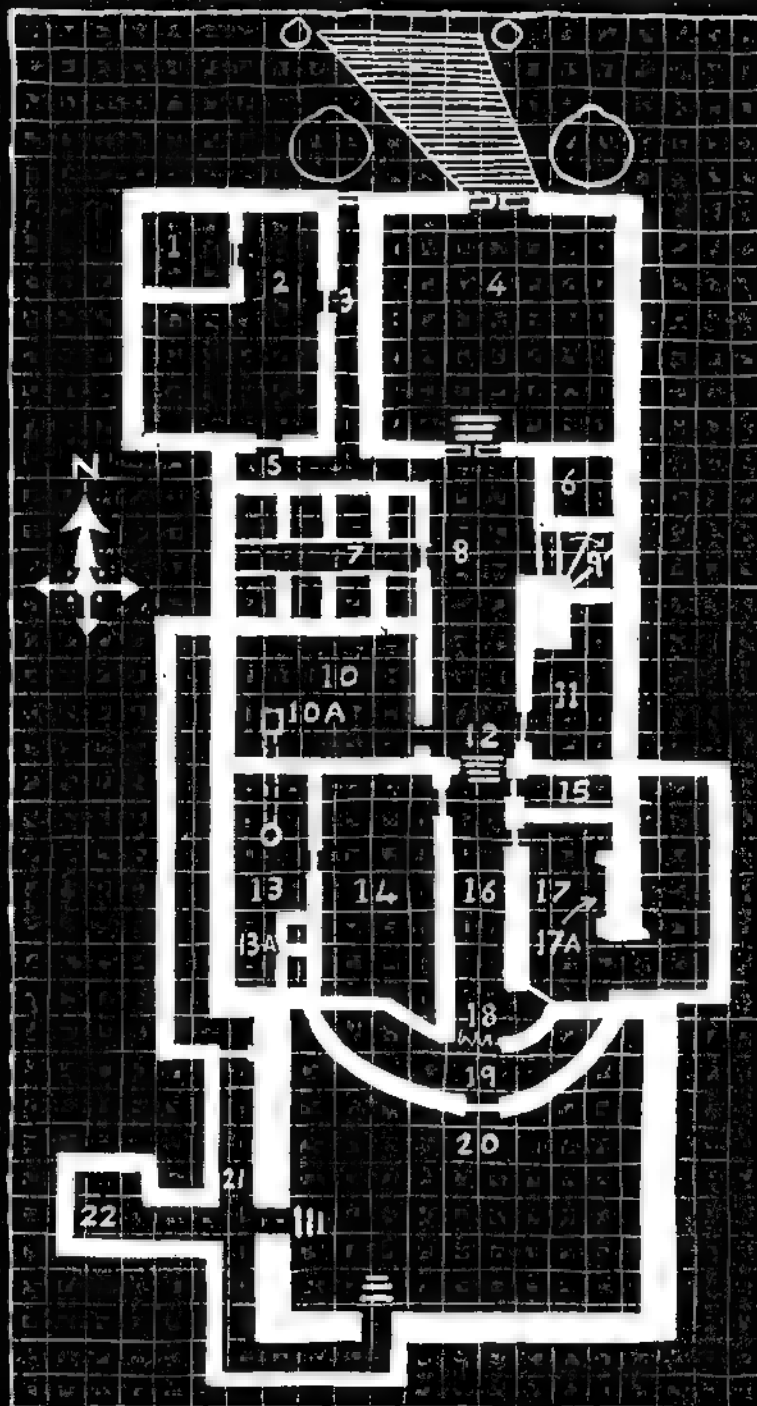
18. PRECIPICE DROP TO THIRD LEVEL.

19. OUTER SANCTUM.

20. TOMB ROOM (HYPOGEUM) WITH  
SARDOPHAGUS CONTAINING  
DARK GOD.

21. CORRIDOR CONTINUES UNDER  
ROOM 10 WITH EXIT INS (NOT  
SHOWN).

22. LAIR OF WANDERING MONSTER.





# JUDGE DREDD

WE WERE OUT ON THE TAP, ME AN' HERMAN AN' DIRTY JOHN. HANGIN' OUT ROUND THE SKED WHEN WE SEE THIS GINK PEDDIN' UP.

GINK DON'T LOOK LIKE HE'S PACKIN' SO DIRTY JOHN SAYS LEAVE HIM BE. BUT KNEEPAD - THAT'S WHAT HERMAN CALLS HISSELF, THE KNEEPAD KID - KNEEPAD'S ALL FOR GIVIN' HIM THE BOP ANYWAY.



HEY, GINK!

KNEEPAD'S GONE REAL MEAN SINCE THE JUDGES PICKED HIM UP ON SUS. I MEAN, SIX LOUSY HOURS, MAN, AN' HE DIDN'T DO NOTHIN'. THAT'S ENOUGH TO TURN ANY GUY.\*

UNNEFF!

\* See 1984 Annual - TMO.

CRAK-K-K!

CREMOLA! YOU'VE HURT HIM BAD, KNEE!

GINK HURT HISSELF. SHOULDN'TA FELL LIKE THAT.

WHAT'S HE GOT, SONNY?

USUAL DREKK. FIFTY CASH - REST'S ALL PLASTIC. AND THIS...

JUST A TAPE SLUG.

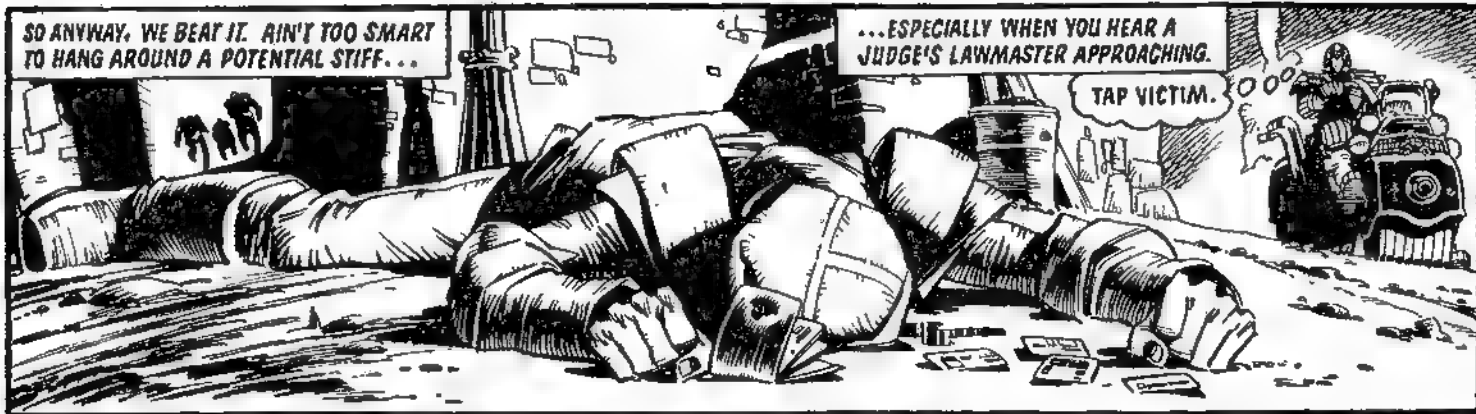
CHEAPSKATE GINK! TOLD YA HE WASN'T WORTH TAPPIN'!



SO ANYWAY, WE BEAT IT. AIN'T TOO SMART  
TO HANG AROUND A POTENTIAL STIFF...

...ESPECIALLY WHEN YOU HEAR A  
JUDGE'S LAWMASTER APPROACHING.

TAP VICTIM.



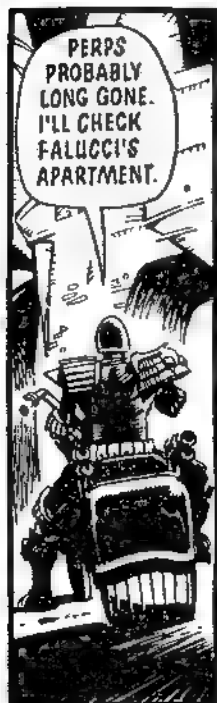
OR WAS.

DREDD TO CONTROL! WE GOT ONE  
FOR THE MEAT WAGON, SKED ROW.  
NAME OF **SELWYN FALUCCI**,  
APARTMENT 1804, DEREK HATTON  
BLOCK.

DEFINITE TAP VICTIM.  
BETTER SEND FORENSIC DOWN  
AS WELL.



PERPS  
PROBABLY  
LONG GONE.  
I'LL CHECK  
FALUCCI'S  
APARTMENT.



WE PICKED UP A COUPLA SYNTHI-PIZZAS  
AN' A TEN-PACK AND HEADED BACK TO  
DIRTY JOHN'S MOPAD.

84 CRED,  
SON.



THAT'S  
MORE'N WE  
STOLE!

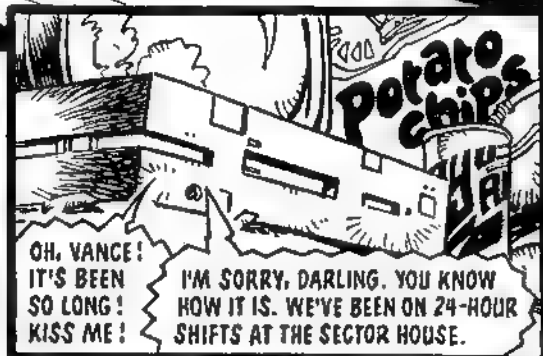


WHISTLE FOR  
IT, ELDO!

DIRTY JOHN'S FOLKS ARE IN THE CUBES FOR  
POISONING HIS GRAN. SOME KIND OF  
INSURANCE SCAM, I THINK. SO WE GOT THE  
PLACE PRETTY MUCH  
TO OURSELVES.

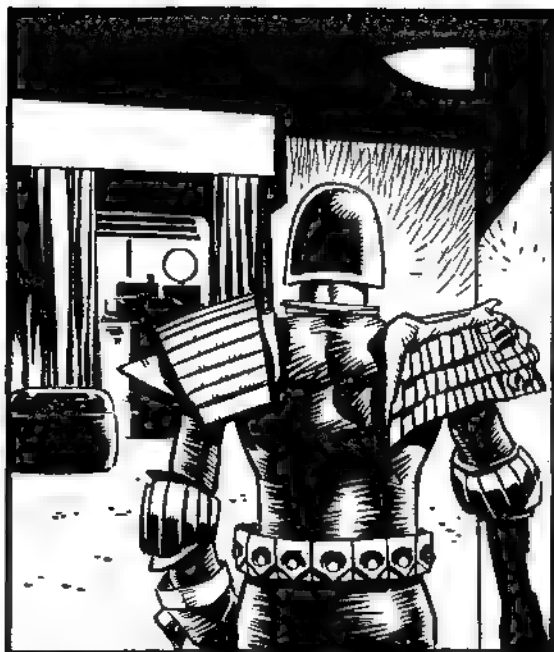


LET'S SEE WHAT  
KINDA SOUNDS  
DEAD GINKS  
LISTEN TO.









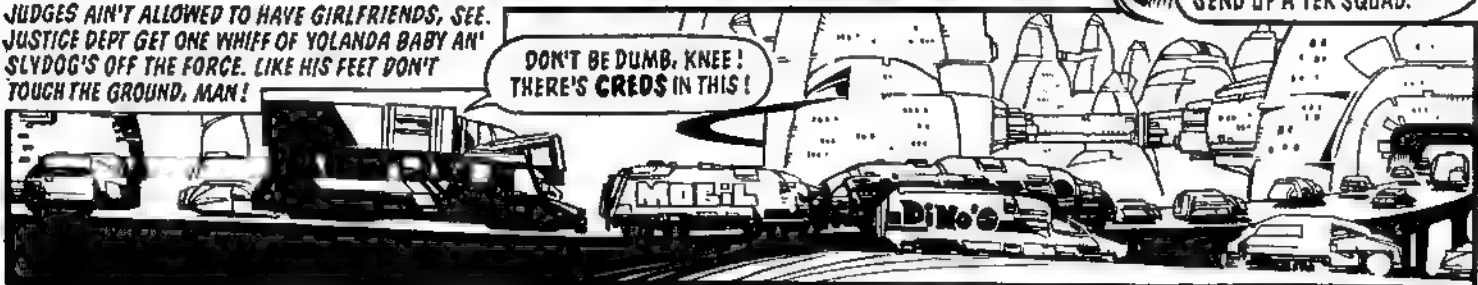
'COURSE KNEEPAD WANTED TO SEND THE SLUG STRAIGHT TO THE JUDGES. HE HATED THAT SLYDOG LIKE CRAZY.



CONTROL! I'M IN THE FALUCCI APARTMENT. GOT SOME SORT OF RADIO MONITORING DEVICE IN HERE. SEND UP A TEK SQUAD.

JUDGES AIN'T ALLOWED TO HAVE GIRLFRIENDS, SEE. JUSTICE DEPT GET ONE WHIFF OF YOLANDA BABY AN' SLYDOG'S OFF THE FORCE. LIKE HIS FEET DON'T TOUCH THE GROUND, MAN!

DON'T BE DUMB, KNEE! THERE'S CREDS IN THIS!



LONG AS WE GOT THIS, SLYDOG SLADEK BELONGS TO US! WE SAY JUMP, HE JUMPS - OR WE SEND IT STRAIGHT TO THE CHIEF CHEEZ!

BLACKMAIL! YOU BETCHA!

NEXT PROG: **THE SQUEEZE!**



# ACE TRUCKING CO. The Doppelgarp

IN A PARALLEL UNIVERSE, ACE GARP AND HIS DUPLICATE ARE SMUGGLING BOOZLEBUGS TO PLANET UCKPUCK. BUT THE SCHEME HAS BEEN THWARTED BY CAPTAIN LEKHORN AND HIS CRACK CUSTOMS CHICKENS, AND NOW, IN THE POWERHOUSE

WHAT'S THE MATTER, SKINNY?

NOT CAN DISTURB BOOZLEBUGS NOW! REACH VERY DELICATE STAGE IN LIFE CYCLE!



EGG-LAYING IN PROGRESS!

EACH FEMALE LAY OVER ONE THOUSAND EGGS ALL TIME, MALE FLUTTER ROUND HER, FANNING HER WITH WINGS, TO KEEP COOL!

RESPECTFUL HEE HEE!

2000AD  
Crichton  
BACOTE HENRY  
GRANT GROVER  
ART ROBOT  
BELARDINELLI  
EXTENDING HENRY  
TONY JACOB  
CDMPU-73E

THEN, WHEN EGG-LAYING FINISHED, EXHAUSTED FEMALE COLLAPSE IN ARMS OF MATE...

THEN, HER HEAD IN LAP OF HER BELOVED, SHE DIE!

DEBBIE!









# Free Springers. They're springing up everywhere.



There are lots of exciting games you and your friends can play with these free SNAP, CRACKLE and POP Springers.

Make yours jump highest. Or first. Or last. Or play 'Spring and Catch'—you spring, your friends catch.

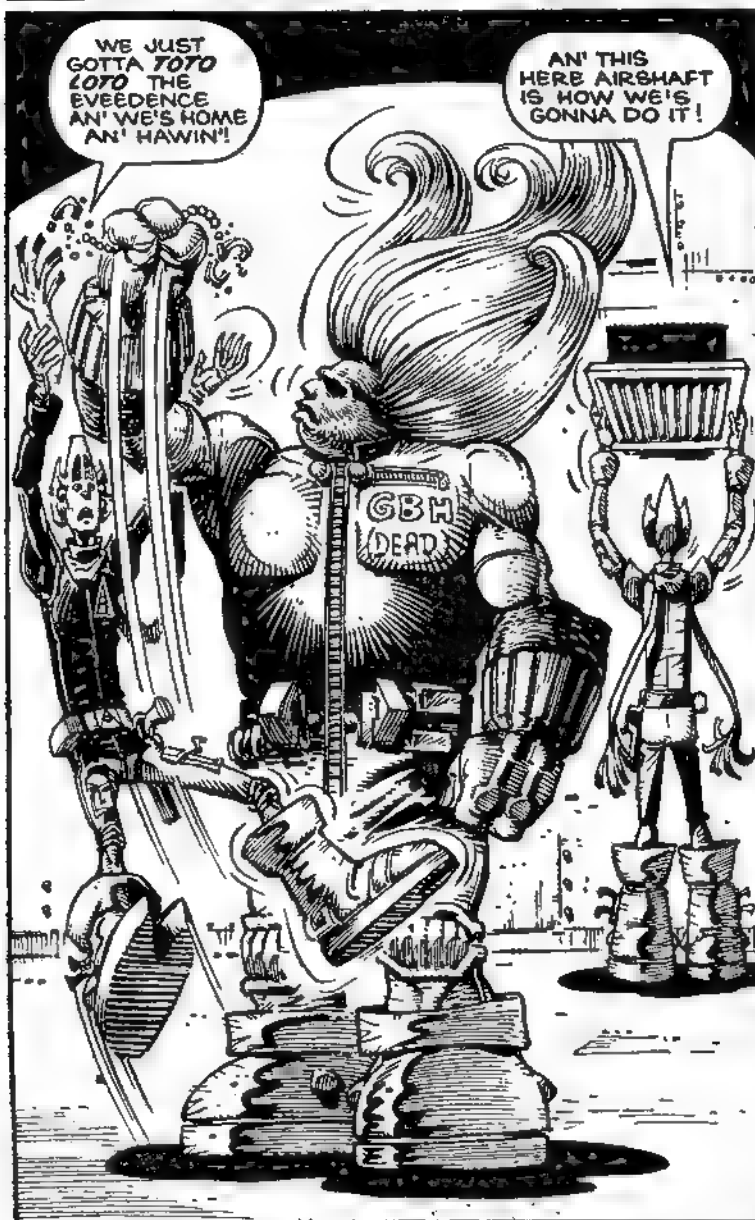
Springers are great fun and there are 3 to collect. 1 SNAP, 1 CRACKLE, 1 POP. Each free with 6 tokens from the special KELLOGG'S RICE KRISPIES packs.

So spring into action right away and begin collecting your tokens.

**The only ones with SNAP, CRACKLE and POP.**







# Strontium Dog

2170 AD — AND EARTH  
IS IN CHAOS!

...AND THE CRISIS IN THE  
TIME LINES IS RAPIDLY  
REACHING THE POINT OF  
NO RETURN! PEOPLE ARE  
VANISHING — BUILDINGS  
COLLAPSING — TIME AS  
WE KNOW IT IS  
CRUMBLING AWAY!

WE CAN ONLY ASSUME  
THAT JOHNNY ALPHA,  
THE STRONTIUM DOG,  
SENT BACK TO CAPTURE  
THE CAUSE OF THE  
DISTORTIONS — MAX  
BUBBA AND HIS MUTIE  
GANG — HAS FAILED!

BEFORE LONG, EVERY  
SINGLE ONE OF US  
WILL JUST WINK OUT  
OF EXISTENCE!

POF!!

2000AD  
Credit Card:

SCRIPT: ROBOT  
ALAN GRANT  
ART: ROBOT  
C. COOPER  
LETTERING: ROBOT  
AND ROSSON

COMPU-73e



IN 793 AD —

BUBBA'S HERDING  
THE PEOPLE INTO  
THE VOLCANO!

WE'VE  
GOT TO  
STOP  
THEM!

BUT WHY? WHY?

BUBBA HAS  
ORDERED IT!

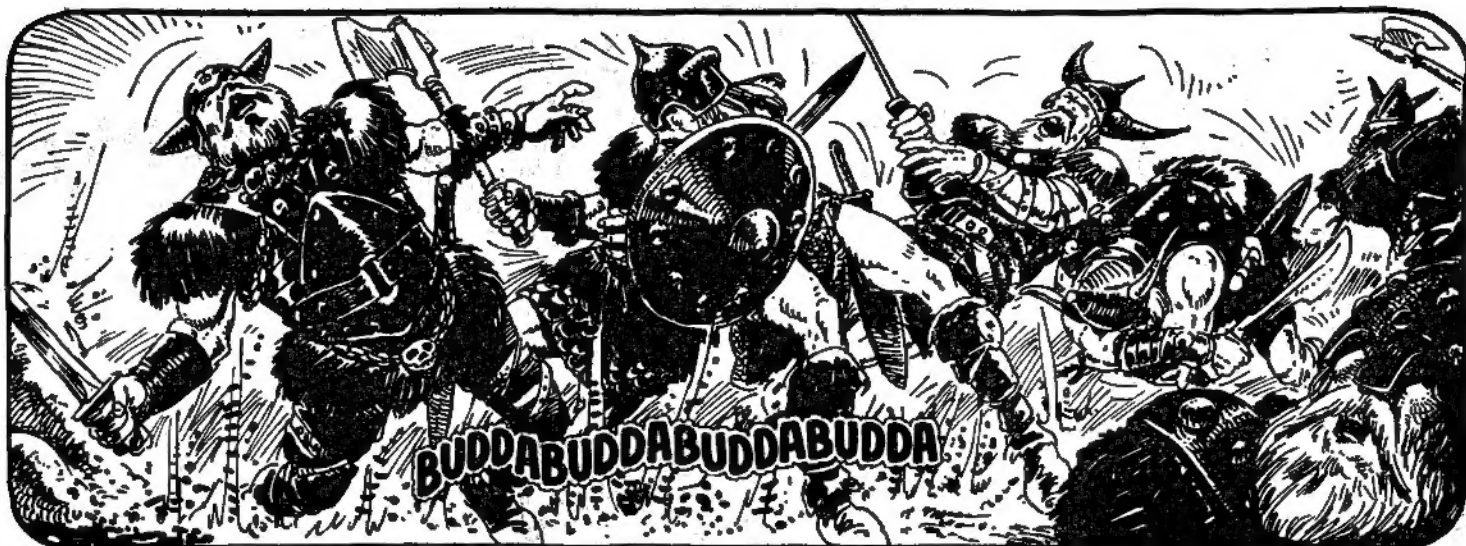
AAAAAAAAA!

YOU WERE  
RIGHT, WEIRD  
GUY!

ZAP THOSE  
DIRTY SKUNKS!

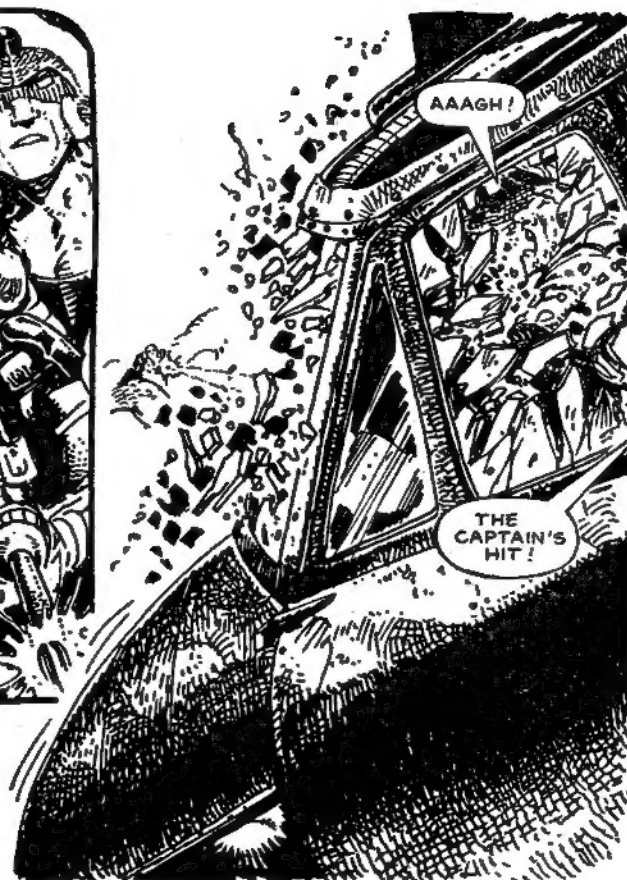
UNCLE SAM TO  
THE RESCUE!

BUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDABUDDA

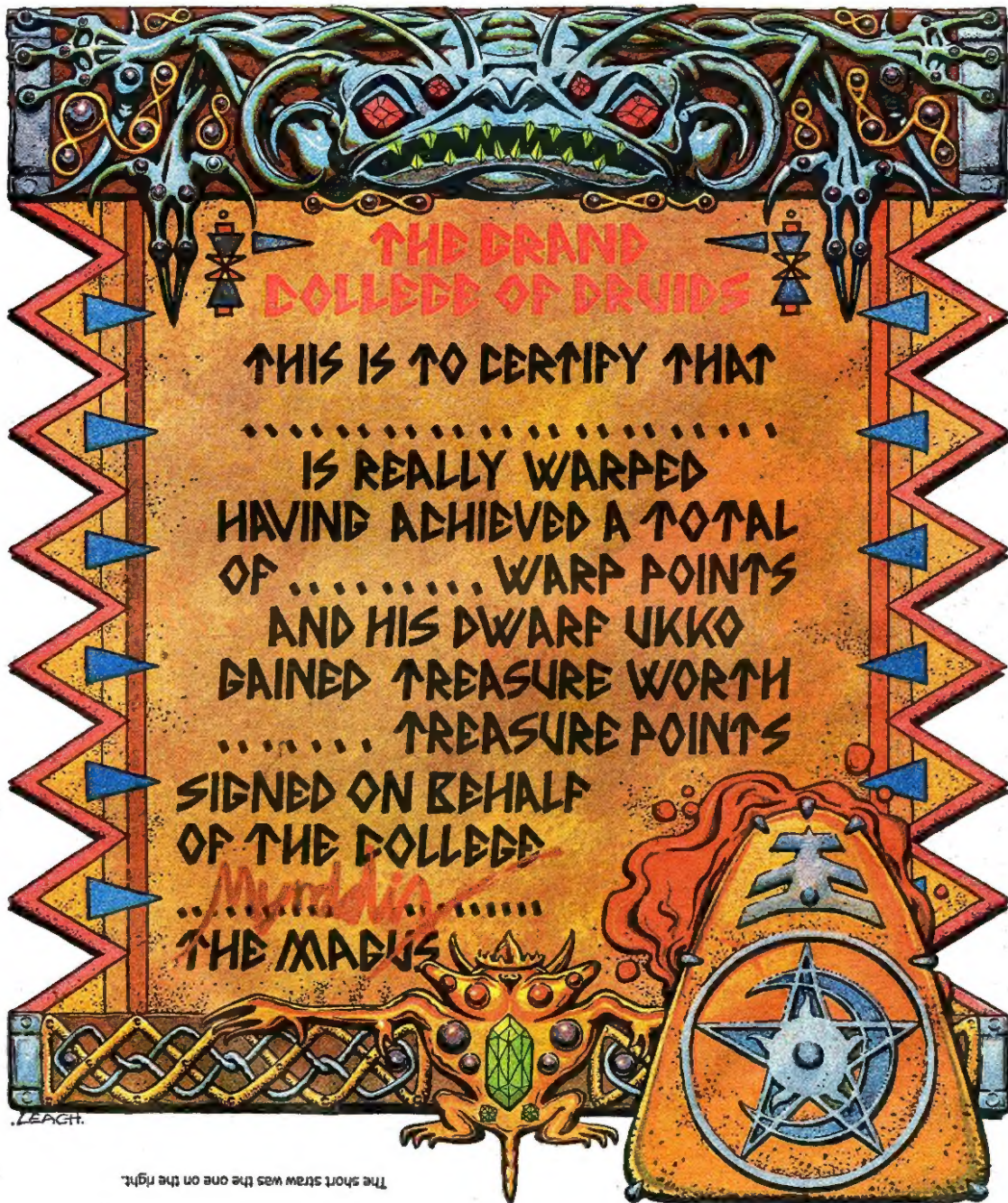












The short straw was the one on the right.